have introduced coffee, manioc, vanilla, oxen, goats, mice, mosquitoes, fleas, bicycles, sewing machines, telephones, ice-works, concertinas, cotton frocks, corrugated iron, Christianity, Mormanism, Munyon's remedies, mouth-organs, milk-shakes, tuberculosis, syphilis, and other amenities, which have flourished exceedingly in that virgin soil and caused a number of modifications in the life of the natives, known collectively as Civilization. The chief center of these modifications is Pape-ete, where there is also a French Governor, custom house, gun boat, and tri-color flag. Pape-ete is therefore known as the capital."

By day Pape-ete is a collection of two or three hundred modern houses hidden among two or three thousand trees, and there are jarring notes in the landscape; but: "At night the whole town grows mysterious and wonderful. It is very dark under the trees, no carriages or carts are running; men and women walk silently with bare feet. The air is heavy with the smell of unknown spicy things, and trembles to the 'lily-slender' voice of innumerable cicadas, scattered from the earth right up into the sky. Every night in Pape-ete one is surprised afresh by this deafening noise, which comes out only in the darkness, like the sweet scents with which it is so inevitably bound up in sensation. . . . There is too much outcry for understanding; it is like bells ringing inside the skull; one feels a vague stirring of regret and undefined desire.

"Tihoti and Aritana [the nearest the native speech could come to George and Alexander] the two travelers, the Englishman and the Russian, walked slowly, stopping now and then to take it all in; the big unaccustomed shrubs behind the white fences, hot house rarities lavished at random; the strong, varying perfumes, the sense of peace; the glimpses of blue starlight; the yellow occasional gleam of a lamp in a low built house, silhouetting trellis and creepers; the mysterious life within, a sharp voice from time to time in the distance. . . ."

The travelers visit the Casino, where the local bayaderes are drinking bottled beer and dancing, in defiance of authority. "You must not dance here; it is forbidden!" "Ce nest pas moi qui danse," answered Tupuna; "C'est la liere qui danse." And she went on with it.

Tihoti mingled with the people, lived with them, learned their customs and their dialects, walked barefoot as they did; "consorted with them," as Aritana said; and his book is closely packed with the thousand trifling incidents which, together, form the life of a people. He was deeply interested in the people, their language and habits; but he had no illusions as to the difficulties of any European occupation of the island; the native temperament is not to be changed; it can only be spoiled. Like most travelers whose natural indignation is not repressed, his condemnation of the methods of many missionaries is severe.

The fifty pencil sketches must be confessed a disappointment, for they were so lightly drawn that reproduction has been unsatisfactory. Yet there is great beauty as well as strong characteristic in racial peculiarities in features and the structure of the heads. The sketches, slight as they are, are highly decorative, but they are scarcely tangible. Mr. Calderon's bibliography of books consulted will be useful to students.

DOGS, BIRDS AND OTHERS. Natural History Letters from the *Spectator*. Chosen, with an Introduction by H. J. Massingham. Preface by John St. Loe Strachey. E. P. Dutton.

THANKS to Mr. Massingham's notes and comments, this collection of stories about dogs, birds and animals is much more than a mere compilation of entertaining or instructive anecdotes. He has made of it a highly suggestive discussion of animal psychology, the more interesting because it is not presented from any lofty scientific altitude. Its strongest note is sympathy; a desire really to understand and appreciate what the animal or bird is about.

"The natural history letters published in the *Spectator*," says Mr. Massingham, "are the legitimate entail of Gilbert White and Edward Jesse; they are, like pastoral poetry, a racial inheritance . . . in fact, the expression of the normally sensitive English interest in animal life." Some of them are, perhaps, pretty "tall" stories, but obviously sincere. They deal with such matters as animal ratiocination, dog logic, dog feeling and loyalty; bird altruism and the arts of birds and bird sociology.

The Old America Passes

IN WRITING "A Daughter of the Middle Border," a continuation of "A Son of the Middle Border," I had in mind the completion of the chronicle of the two families, the Garlands and the McClintocks, from whom I derive my life, and who shared with me the unforgettable experiences of the open lands of Iowa and Dakota. Their vicissitudes are typical of thousands of other pioneering households, and the part which I played in their labors and migrations is almost equally representative of the generation which began at the close of the civil war.

That I am speaking for thousands of other men and women who are not able to find adequate expression was made evident by the many letters which came to me after the publication of my first volume. In most cases these writers said "You have recorded my life." It would seem that whenever I have been most intimate and homely in my disclosures I have been most representative. In truth, the two books are a sort of homespun history, for I have set down each chapter in terms as close to the fact as my memory would permit.

If these volumes read—as some say they do—like fiction I cannot help it, for my material happened that way. I have constructed only by leaving things out. Nothing has been thrust in. The Midwest I have described is the Midwest as it stands related to me.

Taken as one book, which these volumes really are, it forms a picture of the lives of typical old-time Americans for readers of to-day who have some point of contact with the beauty and heroism and the buoyant hope of the pioneer days, a record presented by one who lays no claim to scholarship, singularity of style or subtlety of perception. I do not even pretend to wisdom in the choice of materials, but I have tried to set forth my story with the detachment of the historian. I have said to myself, "All that I am celebrating, including my own life, will soon be of the past," and I now ask the reader to accept it as history.

Hamlin Garland.

If a note of melancholy comes into the narrative now and again, let it be remembered that I am more than sixty years of age and that I feel the passing of the America which my father knew and loved, the America of Lincoln and Grant and Roosevelt and Howells, an America to which I can never return except upon the wings of memory or of dreams. The America in which my children must work and suffer and rejoice is another world, a more intricate world, a polyglot world, a world which is not America as I knew it and loved it. It may be that it is to be a greater world, a nobler America, but it is strangely alien to me even now. Each year will make it more disturbing, more destructive of the habits and customs of the men and women I have known and honored.

Again let me remind the reader that I do not say "This is the way it happened"; I merely say "This is the way I recall it." I am not concerned with the testimony of others, I am careful only to report the world as it stood related to me. This is highly egocentric, I will admit, but it yields an emotional value which is vitally necessary to a work of this sort. I am not reconstructing the past as it appeared to others, but as it appeared to me, and in doing this I find myself estimated as a recorder of social history, the history of a certain type of life common to the West between the civil war of 1865 and the great war of 1914. With this interpretation I am content. I have relived the past with joy, and if my readers find some part of that joy in the lines of "A Daughter of the Middle Border" (as they assured me they did in the first volume) I shall be content. In these wo books I have completed my small nodule on the coral reef of American literary history.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

Life's Tragic Sense

THE TRAGIC SENSE OF LIFE IN MEN AND IN PEOPLES. By Miguel de Unamono. Translated from the Spanish by J. E. Crawford Flitch. Macmillan Company.

SENOR DE MADARIAGA, who introduces this author to English readers, tells us that he is to-day the greatest literary figure of Spain. He is a former rector and now one of the professors in the Greek department of the University of Salamanca. The lamp of the modern spirit may burn but feebly within its moldy walls—Carlyle once called it a "stronghold of ignorance"—but certainly whatever demands it makes upon this member of the faculty it has given him opportunity to absorb and digest a truly vast portion of the product of the human intellect—especially such of it as deals with the mystery of man's destiny—through the ages and down to the present day.

From America's contributions he finds himself much in agreement with the religious thought of Phillips Brooks, whom he labels a "Unitarian preacher," a slip which it seems his translator might have taken upon himself the responsibility to correct. William James is a "great thinker," but, contrary to some opinion, "pragmatism" is "the weakest thing in all his work, an extremely weak thing indeed." He shows the keenest appreciation of the humor of Oliver Wendell Holmes and he knows his Whitman, "that tremendous Yankee poet."

From this it will be inferred that Don Miguel de Unamono is both philosopher and poet—twin brothers, he calls them, "if indeed they are not one and the same"—and an interesting and often curious piece of poetic philosophy is this work, "The Tragic Sense of Life."

By this is meant a pressing consciousness of the fact that what the heart most passionately longs for—a conviction of immortality—the head cannot supply. It is the age-old conflict of the vital instinct and the instinct of reason, in which the former, no matter how mightily assaulted, has always triumphed, even if the victory is sometimes a steri'e one. Kant's famous backward crawl out of the *cul de sac* into which his rigorous criticism of knowledge led him is perhaps the supreme example of the invincibility of the instinct of life. The tragic sense always carries with it "a whole conception of life itself and of the universe, a whole philosophy more or less formulated, more or less conscious. It does not so much flow from ideas as determine them." And it has usually come to those who were more burdened with wisdom than with knowledge. Unamono finds it strongly intrenched in Marcus Aurelius, St. Augustine, Pascal, Rousseau, Senancour, James Thomson, Leopardi, De Vigny, Lenau, Kleist, Amiel, Quentol and Kierkegaard. But whole peoples, too, have possessed the tragic sense of life and have reacted to it according to their national and racial temperaments, seeking some form of substitute for the conviction they know that in reason they can never obtain.

These efforts have been many and of a variety of natures. Unamono is of the extreme individualistic type, a fine example of the Spanish spirit. He goes a step beyond Protagoras, who said, "Man is the measure of all things." With him it is, "I myself am the measure of all things." He is solely concerned with his own life. With complete consciousness that philosophic systems do nothing more than attempt to satisfy the vital yearnings of those who promulgate them, he seeks a real and concrete immortality. This he cannot find in the church—that stanchest champion of the vital instinct—which has converted religion into theology and offered a thirteenth century philosophy as a basis for vital belief. And the attempts of the scientific rational spirit to the same end always result in absolute skepticism, which, he feels, is less to be tolerated than dogmatic faith.

In the survival of the will to believe after every assault of the critical intellect he finds his own personal basis for his efforts to satisfy the universal craving. He gives us a new definition of man—"the animal that guards its dead." In this practice lies the earliest attempt to find an anodyne for the tragic sense of life.

Unamono offers us no metaphysical system. In all that he has to say the note of the poet rises above that of the philospher. He appeals to posterity in Whitman's words: "I charge that that there be no theory or school founded out of me." What he conveys to the world is what he has learned from life, and is not the outcome of reason, although in transmitting it has gone through some sort of rationalizing process.

The content of his message need not detain us at any length, but he must be allowed to state what he conceives to be his "mission."

"It is to shatter the faith of men here, there and everywhere—faith in affirmation, faith in negation, faith in abstention from faith—and this for the sake of faith in faith itself; it is to war against all those who submit, whether it be to Catholicism or to rationalism or to agnosticism; it is to make all men live the life of inquietude and passionate desire. . . . And then God will deny you peace but give you glory!"

Here, then, is a man who must be classed with those two great victims of the nineteenth century, Nietzsche and Tolstoy. He, too, is a being of many contradictions, but these conflicts are the very stuff of his life. It has unified it and given it its practical purpose. From the transcendental pessimism of his inner contradictions he extracts a vital working optimism based on love.

At the very foundation of his argument lies self-pity, which leads to self-love, and this love, grounded on universal conflict, broadens out to include all that lives and, therefore, wants to survive. So, by an act of love springing from desire for immortality we are led to give consciousness to the universe, that is, to create God. Immortality is not proven by God, but God by immortality—practically the same conclusion as that reached by Bishop Butler in the "Analogy."

"Have faith in faith!" This is the most consoling message Unamono has for mankind. The heart's truth—the immortality of the human soul, the truth of the human finality of the universe—can never be anything but antirational. He above all deserves immortality who desires it in the face of reason. And on the practical side the poet-philosopher derives what he considers "the finest basis of action for the man who can not and will not be dogmatic, who is unable to accept that most solid basis of morality of the Christian ethic—the end of man is eternal happiness."

Senancour, the most tragic figure among the men of heart and feeling that France has produced, wrote: "Man is perishable. That may be; but let us perish resisting, and if it is nothingness that awaits us, do not let us so act that it will be a just fate." And Unamono, paraphrasing this reflection, offers as the guiding rule of conduct: "If it is nothing that awaits us, let us so act that it shall be an unjust fate."

Perhaps the most interesting portion of this volume to the general reader will be those pages devoted to an elaborate defense of Spain's position in the modern world. Here is a concrete example of the tragic sense of life as applied to peoples. Reason has long marked her as a declining or even dying nation; but Unamono passionately believes in his faith in the immortality of the Spanish spirit.

The land of Don Quixote exercises a peculiar fascination over the imagination of many minds in more vigorous and progressive countries. Here in America, Archer M. Huntington, than whom there is no more zealous devotee of Spanish culture, has written of Spain as "the land of dreams that become realities, the rampart of Europe, the home of the knightly ideal." But Spain has been looked at from other angles and with much of the observation directed from within her own borders.

It is this criticism that most strongly stirs Unamono, and in eloquent words he not only defends the Spanish spirit but attacks modern culture.

"We have not the scientific spirit," he says. "And what of that if we have some other spirit? And who can tell if the spirit that we have is or is not compatible with the scientific spirit?"

And the retrograde counter reformation? Well, "after the Council of Trent came the open and avowed struggle between reason and faith, science and religion. . . . Without the counter reformation might not the reformation, deprived of the support of pietism, have perished in the gross materialism of the Age of Enlightenment?"

Has Spain no philosophy? "Yes. Spanish philosophy is liquescent and diffused in our literature, in our life, in our action, in our mysticism above all, and not in philosophical systems. It is concrete."

In his own interpretation of the figure of Don Quixote, "who fought for the spirit," this earnest pleader has found an attitude in which to receive attacks upon his country. "The greatest height of heroism to which an individual, like a people, can attain is to know how to face ridicule; better still, to know how to make oneself ridiculous and not to shrink from ridicule."

What Unamono passionately desires is that Spain shall preserve herself as a "feeling" nation—that is, one that puts faith above reason. Then, if die she must, she will do so tragically, not comically "as will those who put reason above faith." And that extinction will be an unjust fate. From the very depths of his being he utters a final cry and warning to those among his countrymen who would inoculate the nation with the modern spirit:

"And now to you, the younger generation, bachelor Carrascos of a Europeanizing regenerationism, you who are working after the best European fashion, with scientific method and criticism, to you I say: Create wealth, create nationality, create art, create science, create action; above all create—or rather translate—*kultur*, and thus kill in yourselves both life and death. Little will it all last you!"

GEORGE H. CASAMAJOR.